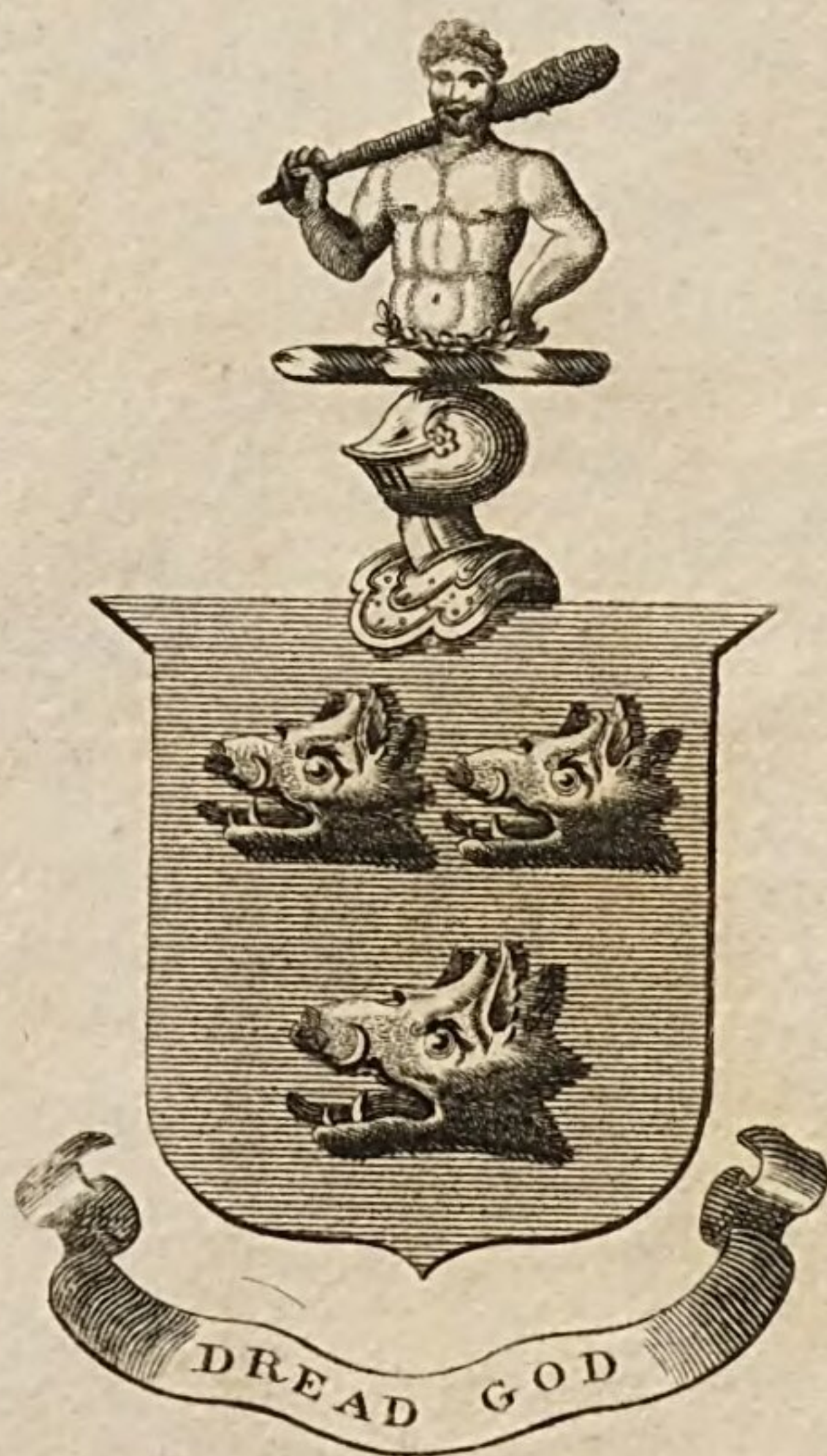




CAPT^N. GORDON,
Royal Navy.

L. angl.
o.
50^a

THE
POETICAL WORKS,
COMPLETE,
OF
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS
LIFE AND LITERATURE.
TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
SEVERAL POETICAL TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY,
BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

An Improved Edition.
EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
By AUSTIN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM,
Dean Street, Fetter Lane,
FOR H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1804.

CONTENTS



On a beautiful youth slain by lightning	108
The Logicians refuted	106
The Gift	104
Double Transformation, a Tale	98
The Hermit, a Ballad	87
James's Chronicle	87
A Letter, addressed to the Printer of the St.	
Supplement to ditto	88, 89
Postscript to ditto	90
Retribution, a Poem	99
The Hunch of Venison, a poetical Epistle	63
The Deserted Village, a Poem	34
The Traveller, a Poem	9
On the Death of Dr. Goldsmith	49
smith	214
A Monody on the Death of Dr. Gold-	
The Tears of Germany	211
of Dr. Goldsmith	211
Tears of the Muses. An Epistle on the Death	
of the Anchor	7

CONTENTS.

	Page
LIFE of the Author	v
Tears of the Muses. An Elegy on the Death of Dr. Goldsmith	xxxviii
The Tears of Genius. By Mr. Pratt	xliii
A Monody on the Death of Dr. Oliver Gold- smith	xlvi
On the Death of Dr. Goldsmith. By W. Woty	lv
The Traveller, a Poem	9
The Deserted Village, a Poem	31
The Haunch of Venison, a poetical Epistle ..	63
Retaliation, a Poem	69
Postscript to ditto	80
Supplement to ditto.....	82, note
A Letter, addressed to the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle	87
The Hermit, a Ballad	89
Double Transformation, a Tale	98
The Gift	104
The Logicians refuted	106
On a beautiful Youth struck blind by Lightning	109

	Page
A new Simile, in the Manner of Swift	110
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog	114
The Clown's Reply	116
Stanzas on Woman	117
Description of an Author's Bed-Chamber	118
Lines attributed to Goldsmith	120
Mr. Boswell's Letter	121
Song	122
Stanzas on the Taking of Quebec	123
Epitaph on Dr. Parnell	124
Epitaph on Edward Purdon	125
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize	126
Sonnet	128
Song, from the Oratorio of the Captivity	129
Song	130
Prologue, written and spoken by the Poet Laberius	131
Prologue to Zobeide, a Tragedy	133
Epilogue in the Character of Harlequin	135
Epilogue to The Sister	138
Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Bulkeley and Miss Catley	141
Epilogue intended for Mrs. Bulkeley	147

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

OF this very pleasing writer (to whom has been well applied the line of Pope, that he was “In wit a man, simplicity a child”) much has been published in the way of Memoir and of Anecdote: too much, indeed, and in many instances too absurd, to induce belief, or to deserve refutation. The account which it is thought necessary to prefix to the present edition of his Poems will be confined to such particulars as are generally allowed to be authentic; and it is hoped that they will be found sufficient and satisfactory.

Our author was the third son, of four, of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a most respect-

able, though not a wealthy divine*, and was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, on the 29th of November, in the year 1728 †. Having been well grounded in the classics at the school of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, and being intended for the church, he was

* Goldsmith is supposed to have twice alluded to this parent in his writings; once, as the *Village Preacher*, in his Poem; and again, as the *Man in Black*, in the Citizen of the World.

† The epitaph written by Dr. Johnson for his monumental stone states, that he was born in 1731; but there are two pretty strong proofs that this was not the case; and they are these: 1st, In a letter to his brother Henry, dated 1759, he mentions himself as being thirty-one years of age: 2dly, The record of his entrance at college runs thus: "1744, June 11. Olivarius Goldsmith, Six. Filius Caroli, Clerici, ann. agens 15," &c. &c. Johnson has also in the epitaph described him as having been born at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford; but this is unequivocally contradicted by a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. XLIX. p. 173) on the most authentic information. The record of his admission at college says, "*natus in comitatu WESTMEATH;*" but this mistake appears to have been occasioned by his father being at that time settled at Westmeath, having obtained the living of Kilkenny West, in that county.

admitted a sizer in Trinity-college, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744 ; and was contemporary with Edmund Burke ; but while there he discovered so little of that genius which in maturer years so highly exalted his character, that it was not till Feb. 27, 1749 (two years after the regular time), that he proceeded B.A. He now turned his thoughts to physic as a profession (having observed that his elder brother Henry could scarcely get a living by his clerical functions), and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, went, in 1751, to Edinburgh, where he pursued his studies in the several branches of medicine under different professors in that university. Here, however, that incautious spirit of benevolence, which so strongly marked his life, soon involved him in difficulties. Having imprudently engaged as security in a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student, who, either from want of means or of principle, failed to pay the debt, he sought to shun the horrors of imprisonment by a precipitate flight, and, early in the year 1754, he reached Sunderland.

In this place, however, he had not been long before he was arrested at the suit of Mr. Barclay, a tailor in Edinburgh, and the person to whom he had imprudently become surety for his *friend*. From this difficulty he was at length released by the kindness of Dr. Sleigh and Mr. Laughlin Maclaine, whose friendship he had probably acquired at the college of Edinburgh. He then embarked for Rotterdam, proceeded to Leyden, where he resided about a year, studying chemistry and anatomy, and afterwards visited great part of Flanders and Brabant on foot, subsisting frequently by his voluntary performances on the German flute: his learning, we are told, made him a welcome guest to the monks, and his pipe to the peasants.

After passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain (where he obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic), he accompanied an English gentleman to Berne and Geneva. On his arrival at the latter place, it is said, he was recommended as a proper person to be travelling tutor to a young man who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum

of money by his uncle, Mr. S——, a pawnbroker, near Holborn. This youth, who had been articted to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world; but, on engaging with Goldsmith as his preceptor, made a proviso that he should be permitted to govern himself; and our traveller soon found that his pupil understood extremely well the art of directing in money concerns; for avarice was his predominant passion.

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated a poetical talent, of which he had given some promising proofs at the college of Edinburgh; and it was from hence that he sent the first sketch (about two hundred lines) of his poem called "*The Traveller*," to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, with a beloved wife, was living in retirement and obscurity on an income of forty pounds a year.

With a youth of a disposition so opposite to his own, as it appears his pupil was, it will not be supposed that Goldsmith could long continue. A disagreement happened on

their arrival in the South of France; where the young man paid him such part of his salary as remained due, and embarked at Marseilles for England.

Our wanderer was left once more upon the wide world, and encountered numberless difficulties in traversing the greater part of France; whence, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course toward England, and arrived at Dover in the winter of 1757-8. When he reached London, his stock of cash did not amount to two livres. He applied to several apothecaries in the hope of engaging himself as a journeyman; but his awkward appearance and broad Irish accent almost every where met with repulse and insult. At length a chemist near Fish-street-hill, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manners, employed him in his laboratory, where he remained till he learned that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in town. The worthy Doctor received Goldsmith into his family, and undertook to support him till some establishment could be procured. Goldsmith, however, unwilling

to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him, to assist the late Dr. John Milner, a dissenting minister of eminence, in instructing the young gentlemen of the academy at Peckham*.

* From the information of a daughter of Dr. Milner, the following particulars were communicated by Mr. Evans to the Monthly Magazine for Dec. 1802.

“ Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer; with which request he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novel-writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the press; and of Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also at that time some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable periodical publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often professed himself much indebted. Previous to his engagement at the academy, he had travelled through many parts of Europe, and was tolerably well acquainted with the Latin and French languages. These he taught,

It was during the time of his being usher at Dr. Milner's, that Goldsmith commenced author; and the earliest performance of his, now known, was, “*The Memoirs of a Pro-*

and the latter he spoke with facility. As to his person, he was of middle stature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, slovenly in his dress, but possessing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanour. If he thought any one slighted him, or used him ill, it occasioned a great dejection; but otherwise he was a most charming companion. He played frequently, but indifferently, on the German flute. In his conversation he discovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of the customs and manners of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate, in his behaviour unassuming; and the young gentlemen were never so happy as when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. But, alas! he never was an economist. Out of his scanty salary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to persons in distress,—making a point of never sending a poor author away without half a crown! He had not a few of these latter applications. Hence it was that he generally applied for his salary before it came due; and one day, upon an application of the kind to Mrs. Milner, she smiling said—“You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;” to which he replied, with great good humour, “In truth, Madam, there is equal need,” and pleasantly walked away.”

testant, condemned to the Gallies of France for his Religion. Written by himself. Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington;" 1758, two volumes, 12mo. for which Mr. Edward Dilly paid him twenty guineas.

At Dr. Milner's table, sometime in the year 1758, he happened to meet with Mr. Ralph Griffiths, publisher and proprietor of the Monthly Review, who invited him to become a writer in that work, and offered him such terms as our author deemed worth acceptance; viz. lodging, board, and a liberal salary. By a written agreement, this engagement was to last for a year; but at the expiration of seven or eight months it was dissolved by mutual consent, and Goldsmith took a smoky, miserable apartment, in Green-arbour-court, near the Old Bailey*, where he completed a work that he had before begun, entitled, "*An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.*" This was published by Dodsley in 1759, and obtained its writer

* See an engraving and account of this residence, in the European Magazine for January, 1803.

some reputation. In October of the same year, he began "*The Bee*," a weekly publication, of which, however, only eight numbers were printed. In the following year he became known to Dr. Smollet, who was then editor of the *British Magazine*; and for that work he wrote most of those *Essays and Tales* which were afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also contributed occasionally to the *Critical Review*; in fact, it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's *Epistles* by a schoolmaster, and his "*Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning*," that first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who afterwards recommended him to some respectable booksellers, by whom he was afterwards patronized. Among these, Goldsmith's most fortunate connection was with the celebrated Mr. John Newbery, of philanthropic memory, who, being a principal proprietor of *The Public Ledger*, engaged him at a salary of £.100 a year to write a periodical paper. Our author accordingly undertook a series of

what he called “*Chinese Letters*,” which were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, under the title of “*The Citizen of the World* ;” and they exhibit striking proofs of judgment, wit, and humour.

On embarking in this undertaking, Goldsmith quitted his hovel in Green-arbour-court, removed to a decent apartment in Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, dropped the plain *Mister*, dubbed himself *Doctor*, and was afterwards commonly known and addressed as Dr. Goldsmith. Here he finished his “*Vicar of Wakefield* ;” but at the time of its completion he was much embarrassed in his circumstances, and very apprehensive of arrest ; in fact, he was at last entrapped by the following artifice : An ingenious limb of the law, ycleped a bailiff, being apprized of one of Goldsmith’s foibles (a vanity of being noticed by distinguished persons), wrote a letter, stating that he was steward to a nobleman, who was charmed with reading Goldsmith’s last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of

meeting with him, to conduct him to his lordship. Poor Goldsmith swallowed the bait, and appointed the British coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the *Critical Review*, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On their entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to Goldsmith, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him: but they had scarcely entered Pall-mall when the officer produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and rescued the critic from incarceration.

It may be supposed, however, that Goldsmith was now out of cash. He sent to represent his case to Dr. Johnson, with whose acquaintance he had been sometime honoured; and Johnson disposed of the MS. of his *Vicar of Wakefield* to Mr. Newbery for £.60: a sum (as Goldsmith used to say) which he had been so little accustomed to receive in a lump, that he felt himself under the embarrassment of Brazen in the play, whether he should build a privateer or a playhouse with

the money*. But though the money was then paid to him, so little reputation had he then acquired, that the book was not published till two years after, when *The Traveller* had fixed his fame.

In the spring of the year 1763, Goldsmith took lodgings at Canonbury-house, Islington; where he compiled, or revised and corrected, several publications for his patron Mr. Newbery; particularly “*The Art of Poetry*,” 2 vols. 12mo. and a “*Life of Nash*,” 8vo. Here also he wrote his “*History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*,” 2 vols. 12mo. a work which was by some attributed to the Earl of Orrery, but more commonly to George Lord Lyttelton; and what is rather singular, this generally-received opinion was never contradicted, either directly or indirectly, by those noblemen or their friends.

In the year 1764 Goldsmith removed his abode to the Inner Temple, where he took chambers in the upper story of the Library stair-case.

* Recruiting Officer, Act V. Sc. 3.

He was still, however, not much known, except among the booksellers, till the year 1765, when he completed and published "*The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society*;" a poem which, as we have before remarked, he had begun to write while he was in Switzerland; and of which Dr. Johnson pronounced, "That there had not been so fine a poem since the time of Pope." This charming performance procured him the friendship of Lord Nugent, afterwards Earl of Clare, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Burke, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Langton, &c. &c. and he was elected one of the first members of "The Literary Club," which was just then instituted by Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Mr. Burke.

In 1765 Goldsmith published his pathetic ballad of "*The Hermit*," which he dedicated to the Countess (afterward Duchess) of Northumberland, and which soon became popular with those who could appreciate poetic merit.

Having been thus successful in the several walks of a critic, a novelist, and a moral poet, our author was encouraged to try his

hand at the drama ; and on the 29th of January, 1768, his “ *Good-Natured Man*” was performed for the first time at Covent-garden theatre. It kept possession of the stage nine nights ; but was not received with that general approbation which its intrinsic merit led his friends to expect*. By the profits of his three third nights, however, and the sale of the copy-right, he netted £.500.

With this money, and the savings made from the produce of his “ *Roman History*,” 2 vols. 8vo. and other compilations (which he used to call “ building of books”), he descended from his attic story on the Library stair-case, Inner Temple, and purchased chambers on the first floor of No. 2, Brick-court, Middle Temple, for which he gave

* Dr. Johnson pronounced it the best comedy that had appeared since “ *The Provok’d Husband*.” Many parts of it exhibit the strongest indications of comic talents. There is perhaps no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished, than Croaker’s ; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident, as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the composition of an incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension.

£.400. These he furnished in rather an elegant manner, enlarged his library, and commenced quite the man of lettered ease and consequence.

At the establishment of the Royal Academy of Painting in 1769, Goldsmith had, by the recommendation of Sir Joshua Reynolds to his Majesty, the honorary Professorship of History conferred upon him; and in the spring of 1770 his beautiful poem, "*The Deserted Village*," was first published. A well-authenticated and characteristic anecdote of our author has been related respecting this poem. Previous to its publication, the bookseller (the late Mr. Griffin, of Catharine-street, Strand) had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy; this Goldsmith mentioned some hours after to one of his friends, who observed, that it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth (replied Goldsmith) I think so too; it is near five shillings a couplet, which is much more than the honest man can afford, and, indeed, more than any modern poetry is worth. I have not been easy since I received

it; I will, therefore, go back, and return him his note;" which he actually did, and left it to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem; which proved to be very considerable, and at least equal to the first *douceur*.

In 1771 appeared his "*History of England, from the earliest Times to the Death of George II.*" 4 vols. 8vo. For this, Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, gave him £.500. He also wrote this year a "*Life of Parnell*," which was prefixed to a new edition of his poems.

On the 15th of March, 1773, his comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a Night*," was performed for the first time at Covent-garden theatre. Notwithstanding that this drama is in some parts rather too farcical, and very improbable, it had a surprising run*, and produced to Goldsmith a clear profit of £.800. In return for Mr.

* Johnson said of this piece, "that he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience, that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an audience merry." It, however,

Quick's exertions in the part of Tony Lumpkin, Goldsmith is said to have reduced Sed-

brought on its author the abuse of some envious and scurrilous scribbler, who, in the London Packet of March 24, published the following letter:

“ TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

“ *Vous vous noyez en vanité.*

“ SIR,

“ THE happy knack which you have learnt of puffing your own compositions, provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines, not to discover the trick of literary *humbug*. But the gauze is so thin, that the very foolish part of the world see through it, and discover the Doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetic vanity is as unpardonable as your personal. Would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the *great* Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque Oranhotan's figure in a pier-glass? Was but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain. But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or vain of? “ The Traveller” is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles; principles diametrically opposite to liberty. What is “ The Good-Natured Man” but a poor, water-gruel, dramatic dose? What is “ The Deserted Village,” but a *pretty* poem of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray what may be the last speaking pantomime*, so praised by the Doctor himself, but an in-

* Meaning “ She Stoops to Conquer.”

ley's comedy of "*The Grumbler*" to a farce of one act; and it was performed for the be-

coherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit, and grimace for humour: wherein every scene is unnatural, and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature and of the drama; viz. Two gentlemen come to a man of fortune's house, eat, drink, sleep, &c. and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter; he talks with her for some hours, and when he sees her again in a different dress, he treats her as a bar-girl, and swears she squinted. He abuses the master of the house, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The 'Squire, whom we are told is to be a fool, proves to be the most sensible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act by bidding his mother lie close behind a bush, persuading her, that his father, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he is come to cut their throats; and to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play, but the young fellow's giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no justice to this piece, I honestly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned, I positively aver; and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatic merit, it rose to public notice; and it is now the *ton* to go to see it, though I never saw a person, that either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of *the Home's* tragedy of

nefit of that comedian on the 8th of May. The principal character of this petite piece

Alonzo. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavour to believe, as a man, you are of the plainest sort; and as an author, but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

“ Brisez le miroir infidele,

“ Qui vous cache la verité.

“ TOM TICKLE.”

Dr. Goldsmith, immediately on the appearance of this letter, went to the publisher's house (Mr. T. Evans, in Paternoster-row), and, after having argued on the malignity of this unmerited attack on his character, applied a cane to his shoulders with all his might. The publisher thought it necessary to stand in his own defence; and it is not easy to say when, or how, this combat would have ended, had not Dr. Kenrick (the suspected author of the scurrilous letter), who was sitting in a room behind the shop, stepped forward, and parted them. Goldsmith, much hurt, was put into a coach, and sent home.

This affair was so much misrepresented in the newspapers, to the disadvantage of Goldsmith, that on the 31st of March he published the following address in the Daily Advertiser:

“ TO THE PUBLIC.

“ LEST it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of

(the Grumbler) was acted by Mr. Quick, and furnished great entertainment, especially in

a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press therefore has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

“ I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But, of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

“ How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing. By treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too

a scene with a dancing-master, who insists upon teaching the touchy old man to dance an allemande against his inclination. The piece upon the whole was well received, but wanted incident, and, excepting the parts represented by Mr. Quick and Mr. Saunders, was but indifferently supported in the performance. The London Chronicle, however, asserted, that “Goldsmith had no further concern in that production than merely revising it.”

One of the last of his publications of any consequence was, “*An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*,” in 8 vols. 8vo. which was printed in 1774, and for which he received £.850. He had at this time ready for the press “*The Grecian History, from the earliest State to the Death of Alexander the Great* ;” which was afterwards printed in

often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH.”

2 vols. 8vo. He had also written, at intervals, about this time, his “*Haunch of Venison*,” “*Retaliation*,” and some other little sportive sallies, which were not printed till after his death. “*Retaliation*,” indeed, was left unfinished.—But, though his receipts had for a long time been very considerable*, yet by his liberal and indiscreet benefactions to poor authors, as Purdon, Pilkington, Hiffernan, Lloyd, &c. and poor Irishmen, (in fact, needy adventurers from all countries) together with an unhappy attachment to gaming, and an habitual carelessness as to money matters, he became much embarrassed in his circumstances, and, in consequence, uneasy, fretful, and peevish.

To this mental inquietude was superadded a violent strangury, with which he had been some years afflicted; and this at length brought on a sort of occasional despondency, in which he used to express his great indifference about life. A nervous fever added to this despondency, which induced him,

* The produce of one year was estimated at £. 1800.

against the advice of his physicians, to take so large a portion of James's powder, that it was supposed to have contributed to his dissolution, which happened on the 4th of April, 1774, after an illness of ten days.

It was at first intended by his friends to bury him in Westminster-abbey; and his pall was to have been supported by the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lowth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but a slight inspection of his affairs showed the impropriety of incurring so great an expence as must have been consequent on such a funeral*. He was therefore privately interred in the Temple burial-ground, attended by Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes, the Rev. Joseph Palmer, and a few coffee-house acquaintances.

A marble monument, however, executed by Nollekens, and paid for by a subscription

* Dr. Johnson, giving an account of Goldsmith's death to Mr. Boswell, in a letter, dated July 4, 1774, says, "His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion, that he owed no less than £.2000.—Was ever poet so trusted before?"

among Goldsmith's friends, has been placed in Westminster-abbey, between those of the Duke of Argyle and of Gay, in the Poets' corner. It is a large medallion, with a good resemblance of the poet in profile, appropriately embellished; and underneath is a tablet of white marble bearing the following inscription, written by Dr. Johnson* :

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
 POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
 QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
 NON TETIGIT;
 NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT:
 SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI
 SIVE LACRYMÆ,
 AFFECTUUM POTENS AT LENIS DOMINATOR:
 INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
 ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS;
 HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT

* Dr. Campbell, in his "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," announcing the intention of Johnson, says: "His [Goldsmith's] shade may rest in peace; his tomb is to be inscribed by the author of *The Rambler*; which is more honourable to the bard, than if his ashes had been deposited in the cemetery of kings." p. 437.

XXX

SODALIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS IN HIBERNIA, FORNEIÆ LONGFORDIENSIS,
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI*.
EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,
OBIIT LONDINI,
APR. IV. MDCCLXXIV.

Which may be Englished thus :

By the love of his associates,
The fidelity of his friends,
And the veneration of his readers,
This monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen ;
Nor touched any that he did not embellish :
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful yet gentle master
Over the affections ;

* This was a mistake. From information communicated by his family, it is ascertained to have been in the year 1728.

Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
 equal to every subject ;
 In expression at once lofty, elegant, and graceful.
 He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
 At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
 And county of Longford,
 29th Nov. 1731,
 Educated at Dublin,
 And died in London,
 4th April, 1774.

In addition to this Latin epitaph, Dr Johnson honoured the memory of his friend with the following Greek tetrastic :

Τὸν Ἰάφον εἰσοράας τὸν Οὐλιβαρίοιο, κόνειν
 Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνὴν, ἔεινε, πόδεσσιν πᾶλει·
 Οἷσιν μέμηλε φύσις, μέλρων χάρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν
 Κλαίειε ποιήτην, ἰσόρρικον, φυσικόν.

To convey a proper idea of Goldsmith's manners and character*, we cannot do better than subjoin the observations of some

* *The History of a Philosophic Vagabond*, in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, has been said to contain the outlines of some part of his own life, as well as a delineation of his own character.

of those to whom he was most intimately known.

The two following portraits of him (one in poetry and the other in prose) were written by an intimate friend immediately after his decease, and were both esteemed faithful likenesses :

“ HERE rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again ;
Who though form'd in an age when corruptions ran high,
And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie ;
When Genius, with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd,
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dar'd think for himself.
Thus free'd from those fetters the muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind ;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.

The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
For his Hermit had prov'd him their tutor and friend.
The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his Essays were curbs on the rage of the times.
Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for *tense*,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart.

XXXiii

Yet bless'd with original powers like these,
 His principal forte was on paper to please ;
 Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chace,
 On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace ;
 Whilst Dulness and Cunning, by whipping and goring,
 Their hard-footed hacknies paraded before him.
 Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
 That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.
 So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
 So ready to feel for the wants of mankind ;
 Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
 This flux of philanthropy quickly stood still ;
 Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
 And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.

Such then were his foibles ; but though they were such
 As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
 The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
 And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

Then hear me, blest spirit ! now seated above,
 Where all is beatitude, concord, and love,
 If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on mankind,
 THY MUSE AS A LEGACY LEAVE US BEHIND.
 I ask it by proxy for letters and fame,
 As the pride of our heart, and the old English name.
 I demand it as such for virtue and truth,
 As the solace of age, and the guide of our youth.
 Consider what poets surround us—how dull !
 From Minstrelsy B——e to Rosamond H——ll !
 Consider what K——ys *enervate* the stage ;
 Consider what K——cks may *poison* the age ;
 O ! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
 That in Goldsmith the last British poet lies dead !”

“ IN an age where genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

“ Early compelled (like many of our greatest men) into the service of the muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct ; but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *fiction* than to set off the dignity of *truth* ; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

“ Such is the short outline of his public character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas ! his nobler and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

“ Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it. Warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence ‘ the very milk of human nature.’ Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding ; for though there may be many instances adduced to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart.

“ One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last sincere and grateful tribute to his memory.”

DR. JOHNSON, speaking of him a few years after his death, says, “ He was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.”

MR. BOSWELL, who well knew Goldsmith, says, “ No man had the art of displaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquisition he made.—*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*.—His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated, and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more

than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short; his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible."—"He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinized; but his affections were social and generous; and when he had money, he gave it away very liberally."

To these accounts may be added, the following pleasant description of our author, by the sprightly pen of David Garrick:

XXXvii

“ HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold, and some
dross;

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross :
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions ;
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking ;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste ;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail :

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.”

POETICAL TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. GOLDSMITH,

BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS.

TEARS OF THE MUSES.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

“ Around his tomb let Worth, let Genius weep,

“ But hear his death, ye dunces, hear, and sleep!”

WHEN vulgar spirits of the rich and great
Submit unwilling to the stroke of fate,
No bosoms vibrate with the falling blow,
No virtues weep the friend of man laid low;
Ere the clos'd grave concludes the solemn scene,
Past is their fame, as tho' they ne'er had been.

But when each worth that animates our frame,
When genius, warm'd with ev'ry social aim,
The glowing heart, and the dilated mind,
“ Exulting in the good of all mankind;”

When these, expiring, leave the body's clay,
 To moulder in its kindred dust away,
 The pious tears from ev'ry eye that flow,
 The gen'ral grief, proclaim the gen'ral woe.

Where now, bless'd bard, shall worth like thine
 be found?

Where now the breast where virtues so abound?
 Of Pæan's sons, doth one possess thy fire?
 Doth love of truth one bosom yet inspire?
 Say, now thy soul has gain'd its native heav'n,
 To whom is thy inspiring mantle giv'n?
 Or is no fellow-prophet left behind,
 To catch the spirit that infus'd thy mind?
 Shall Dulness raise once more her hated head,
 And while Cimmerian glooms around her spread,
 Exulting see, restor'd, her reign of lead?

Ye puny bards, who sicken at the ray
 That genius sheds in its meridian day;
 Ye bardlings, who contrive, with wond'rous pains,
 To scribble still, without the gift of brains!
 Ye sons of earth, who loathe, with ranc'rous hate,
 The godlike worth you cannot imitate,
 With Io Pæans rend the vaulted skies,
 For hated Genius, hated Virtue dies.
 Unaw'd, ye now may dare th' exploring light,
 Nor seek the deep recesses of the night;

Unlash'd, your malice now may spend its rage,
Nor dread the critic's nor the poet's page.

But whither shall the Virtues now retreat?
Will they on earth again resume their seat?
Thou melting fair, whose kindly-list'ning ear
(And eye for ever moisten'd with a tear)
Does to Grief's voice attend in piteous mood,
And "feel the luxury of doing good,"
To what protecting bosom wilt thou fly,
First-born of Jove, and best-lov'd Charity?
And thou, Simplicity, untutor'd maid,
In modest garb of purest white array'd,
Who know'st not artifice, or mean disguise,
The ray of truth emaning from thine eyes;
Forlorn, lost maid! ah! well with drooping head,
With tear unceasing, may'st thou mourn the dead!
Thy fav'rite gone, no shelt'ring breast remains
To stay thy flight, detain thee on our plains.
Vain now thy charms, untaught and unadorn'd,
For tawdry art succeeds, whilst thou art scorn'd.
Unhappy Britain! thou too art undone,
Thou weep'st the death of thy last virtuous son.
Who now shall rouse thy senatorial band,
When desolation spreads around the land?
When her deserting, faithless children fly
To climes remote, beneath the western sky;

E'en now they plough their sad, long wat'ry way,
 And leave her realm to slav'ry and decay.
 Ill-fated wretches, who forsake a home,
 Where peace and plenty crown your hours, to roam
 In deadly swamps and forests that display
 An endless tract, impervious to the day;
 Where wintry blasts scowl dreadful o'er the plain,
 And summer scorches with a fiery reign;
 Where swarthy Indian stake their treach'rous stands,
 Their bows and painted arrows in their hands;
 From them no warning prompts to shun the wound,
 But unseen death for ever hovers round.
 Ah, wretches! often shall ye wish to gain
 Those careless hours ye've lost, but wish in vain;
 In beechen shades, on margins green to play
 No more, but heartless toil through the long day.
 Those harmless sports which ye have left behind,
 Those hearty joys that speak the vacant mind,
 Those simple scenes in which your hours were spent,
 Your aukward jests, and bursts of merriment;
 Your college fires, oft when "the sun was set,"
 With eager glee, the village circle met,
 Where, at the woodman's song, or barber's tale,
 Full many a laugh went round, and much brown ale;
 How well he sung, whose oaten pipe no more
 Shall warble music to our list'ning shore:

That oaten pipe we well may break in twain,
For none will tune so well its notes again.

If, happy bard ! a muse so mean as mine
May form one wreath to decorate thy shrine,
Accept the humble tribute that she pays,
If not in tuneful, yet in honest lays :
Bless'd task, when, sporting with the muse's lyre,
We sing what Truth and Gratitude inspire !

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

BY MR. PRATT.

THE village bell tolls out the tone of death,
And thro' the echoing air, the length'ning sound,
With dreadful pause, reverberating deep,
Spreads the sad tidings o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the scenes her bard had prais'd
In all the sweet simplicity of song,
Genius, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,
And herded jocund with the harmless swains :
But when she heard the fate-foreboding knell,
With started step, precipitate and swift,
And look pathetic, full of dire presage,
The church-way walk, beside the neighb'ring green,
Sorrowing she sought ; and there, in black array,
Borne on the shoulders of the swains he lov'd,
She saw the boast of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd at the view, her pensive breast she struck,
And to the cypress, which incumbent hangs
With leaning slope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moss'd pillars of the sacred fane,

The briar-bound graves shad'wing with fun'ral
gloom,

Forlorn she hied ; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Fast broke the bosom-sorrow from her heart,
And pale distress sat sickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive elegy began :

And must my children all expire ?

Shall none be left to strike the lyre ?

Courts death alone a learned prize ?

Fall his shafts only on the wise ?

Can no fit marks on earth be found,

From useless thousands swarming round ?

What crowding cyphers cram the land !

What hosts of victims, at command !

Yet shall th' ingenious drop alone ?

Shall science grace the tyrant's throne ?

Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train !

I charge thee with my children slain !

Scarce has the sun thrice urg'd his annual tour,

Since half my race have felt thy barb'rous pow'r ;

Sore hast thou thinn'd each pleasing art,

And struck a muse with ev'ry dart :

Bard after bard obey'd thy slaught'ring call,

Till scarce a poet lives to sing a brother's fall.

Then let a widow'd mother pay
 The tribute of a parting lay;
 Tearful, inscribe the monumental strain,
 And speak aloud her feelings and her pain!
 And first, farewell to thee, my son, she cry'd,
 Thou pride of Auburn's dale—sweet bard, farewell!

Long, for thy sake, the peasant's tear shall flow,
 And many a virgin bosom heave with woe;
 For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,
 And ev'ry pastime perish on the green:
 The sturdy farmer shall suspend his tale,
 The woodman's ballad shall no more regale,
 No more shall mirth each rustic sport inspire,
 But ev'ry frolic, ev'ry feat shall tire:
 No more the ev'ning gambol shall delight,
 Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night,
 But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
 Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.
 Sweet bard, farewell—and farewell Auburn's bliss,
 The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss;
 The ev'ning warble Philomela made,
 The echoing forest, and the whisp'ring shade,
 The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
 And the blithe voice that “whistled as it went.”
 These shall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
 But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

Goldsmith, adieu! the “book-learn’d priest” for
thee

Shall now in vain possess his festive glee,
The oft-heard jest in vain he shall reveal,
For now, alas! the jest he cannot feel:
But ruddy damsels o’er thy tomb shall bend,
And conscious weep for their and virtue’s friend;
The milk-maid shall reject the shepherd’s song,
And cease to carol as she toils along;
All Auburn shall bewail the fatal day
When from her fields their pride was snatch’d
away;

And e’en the matron of the cressy lake,
In piteous plight, her palsy’d head shall shake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow shall the ling’ring tears each other trace.

And oh, my child! severer woes remain
To all the houseless and unshelter’d train:
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar’s breast:
For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain,
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain:
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
For daily blessings mark’d thy virtuous year;
The rich receiv’d a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the stranger found a bed:

Distress came always smiling from thy door ;
 For God had made thee agent to the poor ;
 Had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,
 To grace at once the poet and the man.

A
 MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunnest robe
 Ascends her zenith o'er the silent globe,
 Sad Melancholy wakes, awhile to tread,
 With solemn step, the mansions of the dead :
 Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine
 I sorrowing bend, and here essay to twine
 The tributary wreath of laureate bloom,
 With artless hands, to deck a poet's tomb ;
 The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes,
 adieu !
 No more your airy dreams shall mock my view :

Here will I learn ambition to controul,
 And each aspiring passion of the soul :
 Ev'n now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
 When late he meditated flight from care ;
 When, as imagination fondly hied
 To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried :

“ Ye splendid fabrics, palaces, and towers,
 “ Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,
 “ Where pomp, disease, and knavery reside,
 “ And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride ;
 “ Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
 “ And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies ;
 “ Where warbling eunuchs glitter in brocade,
 “ And hapless poets toil for scanty bread :
 “ Farewel ! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
 “ Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies ;
 “ Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
 “ Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.
 “ There, though the hamlet boasts no smiling train,
 “ Nor sportive pastime circling on the plain,
 “ No needy villains prowl around for prey,
 “ No slanderers, no sycophants betray ;
 “ No gaudy foplings scornfully deride
 “ The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride.
 “ There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
 “ Which solitude contemplative bestows :

“ Yet, oh fond hope! perchance there still re-
mains

“ One ling’ring friend behind, to bless the plains;

“ Some hermit of the dale, inshrin’d in ease,

“ Long lost companion of my youthful days,

“ With whose sweet converse in the social bow’r

“ I oft may chide away some vacant hour;

“ To whose pure sympathy I may impart

“ Each latent grief that labours at my heart;

“ Whate’er I felt, and what I saw, relate,

“ The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state;

“ Those busy scenes, where science wakes in vain,

“ In which I shar’d,—ah! ne’er to share again.

“ But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?

“ Why falters out my tongue the word *farewel*?

“ Ye friends! who long have witness’d to my toil,

“ And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil;

“ Whose partial tenderness hush’d ev’ry pain,

“ Whose approbation made my bosom vain;

“ Tis you to whom my soul divided hies

“ With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;

“ Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,

“ And ling’ring leaves her better half behind.

“ Can I forget the intercourse I shar’d,

“ What friendship cherish’d, and what zeal en-
dear’d?

“ Alas ! remembrance still must turn to you,
 “ And to my latest hour protract the long *adieu*.
 “ Amid the woodlands, wheresoe’er I rove,
 “ The plain, or secret covert of the grove,
 “ Imagination shall supply her store
 “ Of painful bliss, and what she can restore ;
 “ Shall strew each lonely path with flow’rets gay,
 “ And wide as is her boundless empire stray :
 “ On eagle pinions traverse earth and skies,
 “ And bid the lost and distant objects rise.
 “ Here, where encircled o’er the sloping land
 “ Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand ;
 “ Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
 “ And bow with reverence to wisdom’s voice.
 “ There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome,
 “ The champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,
 “ In attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
 “ And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
 “ Not more ecstatic visions rapt the soul
 “ Of Numa, when to midnight grots he stole,
 “ And learnt his lore, from virtue’s mouth refin’d,
 “ To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
 “ Now stretch’d at ease beside some fav’rite stream,
 “ Of beauty and enchantment will I dream ;
 “ Elysium, feats of art, and laurels won,
 “ The Graces three, and * Japhet’s fabled son :

* Prometheus.

“ Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
 “ And see a new creation wait his nod ;
 “ Prescribe his bounds to Time’s remorseless pow’r,
 “ And to my arms my absent friends restore ;
 “ Place me amidst the group, each well-known
 face,
 “ The sons of science, lords of human race ;
 “ And, as oblivion sinks at his command,
 “ Nature shall rise more finish’d from his hand.
 “ Thus some magician, fraught with potent skill,
 “ Transforms and moulds each vary’d mass at will ;
 “ Calls animated forms of wond’rous birth,
 “ Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,
 “ Uncears the pond’rous tombs, the realms of night,
 “ And calls their cold inhabitants to light ;
 “ Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
 “ Bids ev’ry sweet of nature there convene ;
 “ Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,
 “ The shrub-deck’d lawns, and silver-sprinkled
 floods,
 “ Whilst flow’rets spring around the smiling land,
 “ And follow on the traces of his wand.
 “ Such prospects, lovely Auburn ! then, be thine ;
 “ And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine :
 “ Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
 “ Grant me to pass the remnant of my days,

“ Unfetter’d from the toil of wretched gain,
 “ My raptur’d muse shall pour her noblest strain,
 “ Within her native bow’rs the notes prolong,
 “ And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
 “ Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
 “ And move, resign’d, to meet my latter end,
 “ Each worldly wish, each worldly care repress,
 “ A self-approving heart alone possess,
 “ Content, to bounteous heav’n I’ll leave the rest.” }

Thus spoke the bard : but not one friendly pow’r,
 With nod assentive, crown’d the parting hour ;
 No eastern meteor glar’d beneath the sky,
 No dextral omen ; Nature heav’d a sigh
 Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
 The presage of her loss, and Britain’s woe.
 Already portion’d, unrelenting Fate
 Had made a pause upon the number’d date ;
 Behind, stood Death, too horrible for sight,
 In darkness clad, expectant, prun’d for flight ;
 Pleas’d at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
 On eager message, to the humble shed,
 Where, wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
 Sweet slumb’ring, Fancy’s darling son he found.
 At his approach the silken-pinion’d train,
 Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain

Which late they fann'd : now other scenes than
dales

Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales :
As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly ;
The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole ;
Terrific horrors all the void invest,
Whilst the arch-spectre issues forth confest.
The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb ;
In vain attempts to fly ; th' impassive air
Retards his steps, and yields him to despair ;
He feels a gripe that thrills through ev'ry vein,
And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
Here paus'd the fell destroyer to survey
The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey ;
Prepar'd to strike, he pois'd aloft the dart,
And plung'd the steel in virtue's bleeding heart.
Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
And leave on Nature's face a grisly wound ;
A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
That ages yet to follow cannot close.

Oh, Goldsmith ! how shall sorrow now essay
To murmur out her slow incondite lay ?

In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour
 That yielded thee to unrelenting pow'r ;
 Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
 That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain ?
 Much honour'd bard ! if my untutor'd verse
 Could pay a tribute worthy of thy hearse,
 With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,
 And boldly strew the never-fading bays.
 But, ah ! with thee my guardian genius fled,
 And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head :
 Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
 And pensive stalks the solitary plains ;
 Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,
 She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
 And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
 To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd bust ;
 Since by thy hands already rais'd on high
 We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky ;
 Where, hand in hand with time, the sacred lore
 Shall travel on till nature is no more ?

ON
THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds—and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes—these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay:
Reader, if number'd in the muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

POEMS

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER:
OR,
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1765.

TO
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

I am sensible that the friendship between us
has been a new force from the circumstances of
the situation; and perhaps it demands an
effort to give your name to my attempts. But
I am desirous giving with your own. But
one of this poem was formerly written to you
from Switzerland, the whole can now, with
purity, be only inscribed to you. It is
now a light upon many parts of it, and
reader understands that it is addressed to you
who, despising fame and fortune, have
early to happiness and obscurity.
Come of forty pounds a year.
I now perceive, my dear brother,
of your humble choice. I believe

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication ; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon

a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few ; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes,

chorusses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse, to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem,

I am,

DEAR SIR,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
 Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
 crown'd,

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man sup-
 plies;

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:

As diff'rent good, by art or nature giv'n,
To diff'rent nations makes their blessings ev'n.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails:
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:

Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
 With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state ;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
 The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
 The sports of children satisfy the child :
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,



As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time,

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;
 No product here the barren hills afford
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breáthes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd :

Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest :
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run ;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest :
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain :
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
 And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.



How often have I led thy sportive choir
With tuneless pipe,

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year :
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
 The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,

Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide ;

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind;
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great:
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest indeed were such without alloy,
 But foster'd e'en by freedom ill's annoy;
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;

Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore ;
 Till, over-wrought, the gen'ral system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire !

And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun;
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms:
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal pow'r ;
 And thus, polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose ?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind.
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!



E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests,

p. 28.

Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.



will be considered in every paper presented.

The same holds true in the case of the

It is not necessary to state that the

the same holds true in the case of the

The same holds true in the case of the

It is not necessary to state that the

The same holds true in the case of the

It is not necessary to state that the

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

D

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire : but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written ; that I have taken all possible pains in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge ; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not ; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, DEAR SIR,

Your sincere friend,

and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out of the car was the humidity. It was
like a warm blanket, wrapping around me
and making me feel like I was in a
different world. The air was thick and
sticky, and I could feel it on my skin.
I had heard that the humidity was bad,
but I didn't realize it would be this
much. It was like a giant hand
reaching out to grab me and hold me
close. I was used to the dry air of
California, and this was a completely
different experience. I had to take
a deep breath and try to get used to
it. The humidity was a challenge, but
I knew I had to adapt. I was in a
new place, and I had to make the most
of it. I was going to love this place,
no matter how hot it was.

I was in a new place, and I had to
make the most of it. I was going to
love this place, no matter how hot it
was. I was going to love this place,
no matter how hot it was. I was going
to love this place, no matter how hot
it was. I was going to love this place,
no matter how hot it was.

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please :
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And slights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like
 these,

With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please ;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are
 fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;

Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall ;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man ;

For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,



But times are alter'd—trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.

p. 40.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's
 close

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school ;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
 wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled :
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Nearyonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
 won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;



Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood,

p. 45.

But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for
 all :

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
 Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
 With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;

The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 sound,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-
 spir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendors of that festive place ;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;



No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad,

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;

Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
 growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies :
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress sup-
 plies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;

But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress :
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;

To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !

Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine
 eyes

Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies :
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue, fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,

And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
show'r,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
 day,

That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
 Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;



The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds,

p. 54.

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the bus'ness of destruction done ;
 E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well ;

Farewel! and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive train;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A
POETICAL EPISTLE

TO
LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE

EMPEROR

OF THE

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Ne'er rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter ;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :
I had thoughts, in my chamber, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtû :
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,

By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,

It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn¹.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,

I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch ;

So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,

To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best :

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;

'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's :

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,

With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,

I think they love ven'son—I know they love beef.

There's my countryman Higgins—Oh ! let him alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

¹ Lord Clare's nephew.

But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd ;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
 “ What have we got here?—Why this is good eating !

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting ?”

“ Why whose should it be ?” cry'd I with a flounce ;

“ I get these things often”—but that was a bounce :

“ Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,

Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”

“ If that be the case then,” cry'd he, very gay,

“ I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;

No words—I insist on't—precisely at three :

We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will
be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.

And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

What say you—a pasty, it shall, and it must,

And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;

No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear
friend!"

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,

And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,

And "nobody with me at sea but myself²;

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,

Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.

² See the letters that passed between his royal highness Henry duke of Cumberland, and lady Grosvenor—12^o, 1769.

So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were all to
dine,

(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
come ;

“ For I knew it,” he cried, “ both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrall;
But no matter, I’ll warrant we’ll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.

The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They’re both of them merry, and authors like you ;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.”

While thus he describ’d them by trade and by name,
They enter’d, and dinner was serv’d as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;

At the sides there were spinnage and pudding made
hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish
rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
brogue,

And, “ madam,” quoth he, “ may this bit be my
poison,

A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;

Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.”

“ The tripe,” quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
cheek,

“ I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
all.”

“ O—ho !” quoth my friend, “ he’ll come on in a
trice,

He’s keeping a corner for something that’s nice :

There’s a pasty”—“ A pasty !” repeated the Jew ;

“ I don’t care if I keep a corner for’t too.”

“ What the de’il, mon, a pasty !” re-echo’d the Scot ;

“ Though splitting, I’ll still keep a corner for that.”

“ We’ll all keep a corner,” the lady cried out ;

“ We’ll all keep a corner,” was echo’d about.

While thus we resolv’d, and the pasty delay’d,

With looks that quite petrified, enter’d the maid ;

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,

Wak’d Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.

But we quickly found out (for who could mistake
her ?)

That she came with some terrible news from the
baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven

Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.

Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—

And now that I think on’t the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste :
You've got an odd something—a kind of discern-
ing—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1774,

AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

DR. GOLDSMITH and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

RETALIATION.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord¹ supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best
dish :

Our dean² shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains,

Our Burke³ shall be tongue, with the garnish of
brains,

Our Will⁴ shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick⁵ with his pepper shall heighten the sa-
vour :

¹ The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this poem, occasionally dined.

² Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

³ Mr. Edmund Burke.

⁴ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

⁵ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

Our Cumberland's¹ sweet-bread its place shall obtain,

And Douglas² is pudding, substantial and plain :

Our Garrick's³ a sallad ; for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

To make out the dinner full certain I am,

That Ridge⁴ is anchovy, and Reynolds⁵ is lamb ;

That Hickey's⁶ a capon, and, by the same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?

Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,

Till all my companions sink under the table ;

¹ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, *The Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

² Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's *History of the Popes*.

³ David Garrick, Esq.

⁴ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

⁵ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

⁶ An eminent attorney.

Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks I could not find them out ;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind :
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

To persuade Tommy Townshend¹ to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;

¹ Mr. T. Townshend, Member for Whitchurch.

For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was
 in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his
 own.

Here lies honest Richard¹, whose fate I must sigh
 at ;

Alas ! that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !

¹ Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of re-tributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flatt'ring painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine:
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines :

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds¹ shall be pious, our Kenricks² shall lecture ;
Macpherson³ write bombast, and call it a style ;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the
dark.

¹ The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

² Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil tavern, under the title of " The School of Shakespear."

³ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them
 back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys¹, and Woodfalls² so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and
 you gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
 rais'd,

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd !

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel and mix with the skies :

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,

Shall still be his flatt'ers, go where he will :

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
 love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant crea-
 ture,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature ;

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;

Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?

I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :

¹ Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

² Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
 Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn
 ye,—

He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
 of hearing;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregio's, and
 stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet¹, and only took snuff.

¹ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

AFTER the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Whitefoord¹, from a friend of the late Dr. Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave² man :
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill :

¹ Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

² Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr. Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd !
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content " if the table he set in a roar ;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall¹ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes ;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
*Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press*².

Merry Whitefoord, farewell ! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said
wit :

¹ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

² Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
 "Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
 muse¹."

¹ To this POSTSCRIPT the Reader may not be displeased
 to find added the following

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR. GOLDSMITH,
 OR,
 SUPPLEMENT TO HIS RETALIATION.

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1778.]

DOCTOR, according to our wishes,
 You've character'd us all in dishes;
 Serv'd up a sentimental treat
 Of various emblematic meat:
 And now it's time, I trust, you'll think
 Your company should have some drink:
 Else, take my word for it, at least
 Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
 Ring, then, and see that there is plac'd
 To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
 Of critic lore, give ancient hock;
 Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
 Pure unadulterated wine;
 For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
 He'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophic sage,
 The moral Mentor of the age,

Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
 With melting heart, but look austere,
 Give liquor of an honest sort,
 And crown his cup with priestly Port.

Now fill the glass with gay Champagne,
 And frisk it in a livelier strain ;
 Quick, quick, the sparkling nectar quaff,
 Drink it, dear Garrick!—drink and laugh!

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
 Rich Burgundy, of ruby tint ;
 If e'er his colours chance to fade,
 This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
 With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
 And warm the bosoms of the Graces!

To Burke a pure libation bring,
 Fresh drawn from clear Castalian spring ;
 With civic oak the goblet bind,
 Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
 Let Clio at his table sip,
 And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend, the Dean* of Derry,
 A bumper of conventual sherry!

Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls!
 Of whiskey punch convivial bowls ;
 But let the kindred Burkes regale
 With potent draughts of Wicklow ale!
 To C*****k next in order turn ye,
 And grace him with the vines of Ferney!

* Dr. Barnard.

Now, Doctor, you're an honest sticker,
 So take your glass, and chuse your liquor :
 Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
 Or damask'd at Silenus' nose ?
 With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea,
 Or to Thalia drink with me ?
 And, Doctor, I would have you know it,
 An honest, I, though humble poet ;
 I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
 Who drives his cart the Dover road,
 There, traitor to his country's trade,
 Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade :
 Hence with all such ! for you and I
 By English wares will live and die.
 Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire :
 Here, boy !—a pot of Thrale's entire !

THE
HERMIT.
A BALLAD.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1765.

THE FOLLOWING

L E T T E R,

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

APPEARED IN THAT PAPER IN JUNE, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one¹ by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I

¹ "The Friar of Orders Gray." Reliq. of Anc. Poetry, vol. i. p. 243.

do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
HERMIT.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length’ning as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
“To tempt the dang’rous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still ;
 And though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate’er my cell bestows ;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,
 My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free
 To slaughter I condemn :
 Taught by that Pow’r that pities me,
 I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring ;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
 And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
 All earth-born cares are wrong :
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten tries ;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answ'ring care opprest :
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove ;
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
 Are trifling, and decay ;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

“ And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair-one’s jest :
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle’s nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex,” he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray’d.

Surpris’d he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o’er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms :
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d ;
 “ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude
 Where heav’n and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray ;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he ;
 And all his wealth was mark’d as mine,
 He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms
 Unnumber’d suitors came,
 Who prais’d me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove ;
 Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,
 But never talk’d of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow’r had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ The blossom op’ning to the day,
The dews of heav’n refin’d,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touch’d my heart,
I triumph’d in his pain.

“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret where he dy’d.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
 I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I’ll lay me down and die ;
 ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
 And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, heaven !” the hermit cry’d,
 And clasp’d her to his breast :
 The wond’ring fair-one turn’d to chide,
 ’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
 My charmer, turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor’d to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And ev’ry care resign :
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that’s mine ?



“ Forbid it, heav’n!” the hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast.

p. 96.

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.
A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life ;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive ;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six ?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !

Or Flavia been content to stop
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze !
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.
 O !——But let exclamation cease ;
 Her presence banish'd all his peace :
 So with decorum all things carried,
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
 The raptures of the bridal night ?
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
 Or draw the curtains clos'd around ?
 Let it suffice, that each had charms :
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms ;
 And, though she felt his usage rough,
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew ;
 The second brought its transports too :
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
 But when, a twelvemonth past away,
 Jack found his goddess made of clay ;



Found half the charms that deck'd her face
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
 But still the worst remain'd behind,
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she
 But dressing, patching, repartee ;
 And, just as humour rose or fell,
 By turns a slattern or a belle ;
 'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
 Half naked at a ball or race ;
 But when at home, at board or bed,
 Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
 Could so much beauty condescend
 To be a dull domestic friend ?
 Could any curtain lectures bring
 To decency so fine a thing ?
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations.

Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
 While all their hours were past between
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown :
 He fancies ev'ry vice she shews,
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes ;
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phyz ;
 And though her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 As each a diff'rent way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promis'd to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless pow'r
 Withers the beauty's transient flow'r,
 Lo ! the small pox, whose horrid glare
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;

And, rifling ev'ry youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :

No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature ev'ry day :
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

TO

IRIS, IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em,
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em,

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil :
I'll give thee—ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind ;
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione peditum ;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em :
And must in spite of them maintain
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature :
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;

And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.

Who ever knew an honest brute
 At law his neighbour prosecute ;
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind ;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court ;
 They never to the levee go
 To treat as dearest friend a foe ;
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob ;
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-row :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing masters,
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupedes ;
 No single brute his fellows leads ;

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape,
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion :
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state :
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors :
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators ;
At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act ;
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike—for all ape all.

ON
A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A

NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I sought in vain to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair ;
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius :
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth :
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
 Wings upon either side—mark that.
 Well! what is it from thence we gather?
 Why these denote a brain of feather.
 A brain of feather! very right,
 With wit that's flighty, learning light;
 Such as to modern bards decreed;
 A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;
 Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
 And waft his godship through the air;
 And here my simile unites,
 For, in a modern poet's flights,
 I'm sure it may be justly said,
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
 Fill'd with a snake-incircled wand;
 By classic authors term'd caduceus,
 And highly fam'd for several uses:
 To wit—most wond'rously endu'd,
 No poppy water half so good;

For let folks only get a touch,
 Its soporific virtue's such,
 Though ne'er so much awake before,
 That quickly they begin to snore.
 Add too, what certain writers tell,
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then :
 His wand's a modern author's pen ;
 The serpents round about it twin'd
 Denote him of the reptile kind ;
 Denote the rage with which he writes,
 His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;
 An equal semblance still to keep,
 Alike too both conduce to sleep.
 This diff'rence only, as the god
 Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
 With his goose-quill the scribbling elf
 Instead of others damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
 Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
 Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing :
 Well ! what of that ? out with it—stealing ;

In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he :
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards ! why what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

AN
ELEGY
ON THE
DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of ev'ry sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked ev'ry day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To ev'ry christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

THE
CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?

“ An't please you,” quoth John, “ I'm not given to
letters,

“ Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;

“ Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your
graces,

“ As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses.”

EDINBURGH, 1753.

STANZAS

ON

WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

DESCRIPTION
OF AN
AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug ;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay ;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;

The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William shew'd his lamp-black
face :

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-
board ;

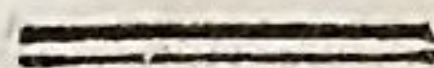
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day !

LINE S,

ATTRIBUTED TO

DR. GOLDSMITH;

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF APRIL 3, 1800.



E'EN have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion
weak.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND you a small production of the late Dr. GOLDSMITH, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of “She Stoops to Conquer,” but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called, “The Humours of Balamagairy,” to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care. I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF
“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.”

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover;
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

STANZAS
ON THE
TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasures
start.

Oh, Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, tho' dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH
ON
DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flow'ry way !
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
And heav'n, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below :
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON¹.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

¹ This gentleman was educated at Trinity-college, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's HENRIADE.

AN
ELEGY
ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning ;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size ;
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and fin'ry fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That, had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not dy'd to-day.

A

SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to ev'ry gay delight ;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection !
Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM THE
ORATORIO
OF
THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And, ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain ;

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

A
P R O L O G U E,
WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY
THE POET LABERIUS,
A ROMAN KNIGHT,
WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS¹.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;

¹ This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works, "The present State of Learning in Europe," 12mo. 1759.

Unaw'd by pow'r, and unappal'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear :
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more ;
For, ah ! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine ;
Him I obey, whom heav'n himself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome ev'ry shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame ;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well ;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF ZOBETIDE.

IN these bold times, when learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore ;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven ? our reck'ning sure is lost !
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord ! what a sultry climate am I under !

Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder :

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen

'em— [*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in

'em— [*Balconies.*

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground :

[*Tasting them.*

Th' inhabitants are cannibals I fear :

I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !

O, there the people are—best keep my distance ;

Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance ;

Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid
her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure ; lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.

His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.

What, no reply to promises so ample ?

—I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD ! prompter, hold ! a word before your nonsense ;

I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,

My heels eclips'd the honours of my head ;

That I found humour in a pyeball vest,

Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his mask.*

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth ?

Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth ;

In thy black aspect ev'ry passion sleeps,
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
 How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd !
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses ;
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses ;
 Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
 And from above the dangling deities.
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew ?
 May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do !
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage :
 Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns !
 The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.
 Oh ! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme :
 Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !—
 soft—'twas but a dream.
 Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreat-
 ing ;
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
 'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
 "The deuce confound," he cries, "these drum-
 stick shanks,

They neither have my gratitude nor thanks :
 They're perfectly disgraceful ! strike me dead !
 But for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
 How piercing is that eye ! how sleek that brow !
 My horns !—I'm told horns are the fashion now."
 Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd ! to his view,
 Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen
 drew.

Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thund'ring from be-
 hind,

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
 At length his silly head, so priz'd before,
 Is taught his former folly to deplore ;
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
 And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

EPILOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE SISTER.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of think-
ing.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? aye, there's the rub! [*pausing*—I've
got my cue:

The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you,
you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*

Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
False wit, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses !
Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman ;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got pow'r to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem ev'ry thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion ;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round pa-
rade,
Looking, as who should say, damme ! who's afraid ?
[Mimicking.]
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems to ev'ry gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's in
black !

Yon critic, too—but whither do I run ?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone !
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too :
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MRS. BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs. Bulkley, who curtsies very low as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

MRS. BULKLEY.

HOLD, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?

MISS CATLEY.

The Epilogue.

MRS. BULKLEY.

The Epilogue?

MISS CATLEY.

Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The Epilogue *I* bring it.

MISS CATLEY.

Excuse me, Ma'am. The Author bid *me* sing it.

RECITATIVE.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Why sure the Girl's beside herself: an Epilogue
of singing,

A hopeful end indeed to such a blest beginning.

Besides, a singer in a comic set !

Excuse me, Ma'am ; I know the etiquette.

MISS CATLEY.

What if we leave it to the House ?

MRS. BULKLEY.

The House !—Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And she, whose party's largest, shall proceed.

And first I hope, you'll readily agree
 I've all the critics and the wits for me.
 They, I am sure, will answer my commands;
 Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands:
 What, no return? I find too late, I fear,
 That modern judges seldom enter here.

MISS CATLEY.

I'm for a different set—Old men, whose trade is
 Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

RECITATIVE.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
 Still thus address the fair, with voice beguiling.

AIR—COTILLON.

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
 Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye:
 Pity take on your swain so clever,
 Who without your aid must die.

Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu,

Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Da capo.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Let all the old pay homage to your merit:
 Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.

Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
 Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
 Who take a trip to Paris once a year
 To dress, and look like aukward Frenchmen here,
 Lend me your hands.—O fatal news to tell,
 Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.

MISS CATLEY.

Ay, take your travellers, travellers indeed !
 Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the
 Tweed.

Where are the cheels? Ah, ah, I well discern
 The smiling looks of each bewitching bairne :
 A bonny young lad is my Jockey.

AIR.

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
 And be unco merry when you are but gay ;
 When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
 My voice shall be ready to carol away

 With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
 With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
 Make but of all your fortune one *va toute* ;

Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
 "I hold the odds—Done, done, with you, with you:"
 Ye barristers so fluent with grimace,
 "My lord—your lordship misconceives the case:"
 Doctors, who cough and answer every misfortuner,
 "I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner:
 Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
 Come end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR.—BALEINAMONY.

MISS CATLEY.

Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
 Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
 For sure I don't wrong you, you seldom are slack,
 When the ladies are calling, to blush, and hang
 back:

For you're always polite and attentive,
 Still to amuse us inventive,
 And death is your only preventive:

Your hands and your voices for me.

MRS. BULKLEY.

Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
 We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?

MISS CATLEY.

And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?

MRS. BULKLEY.

Agreed.

MISS CATLEY.

Agreed.

MRS. BULKLEY.

And now, with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence :
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flatt'ry, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR

MRS. BULKLEY.

THERE is a place, so Ariosto sings,
A treasury for lost and missing things :
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they, who lose their senses, there may find
them.

But where's this place, this storehouse of the age ?
The Moon, says he :—but I affirm, the Stage :
At least in many things, I think, I see
His lunar, and our mimic world agree.
Both shine at night, for but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down.
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.

But in this parallel my best pretence is,
 That mortals visit both to find their senses.
 To this strange spot, rakes, macaronies, cits,
 Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.
 The gay coquet, who ogles all the day,
 Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
 Hither the affected city dame advancing,
 Who sighs for operas, and doats on dancing,
 Taught by our art her ridicule to pause on,
 Quits the *ballet*, and calls for Nancy Dawson.
 The gamester too, whose wits all high or low,
 Oft risques his fortune on one desperate throw,
 Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
 Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
 The Mohawk too—with angry phrases stor'd,
 As “ Dam’me, Sir,” and “ Sir, I wear a sword ;”
 Here lesson’d for a while, and hence retreating,
 Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
 Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
 But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
 Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
 Our Author’s the least likely to grow wiser ;

Has he not seen how you your favour place
 On sentimental queens and lords in lace?
 Without a star, or coronet, or garter,
 How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
 No high-life scenes, no sentiment:—the creature
 Still stoops among the low to copy nature.
 Yes, he's far gone:—and yet some pity fix,
 The English laws forbid to punish lunatics*.

* This epilogue was given in MS. by Dr. Goldsmith to Dr. Percy (now Bishop of Dromore); but for what comedy it was intended is not remembered (*a*).

(*a*) From internal evidence (particularly from the last eight lines) it would appear to have been intended by Goldsmith as the Epilogue for "*She Stoops to Conquer*."—The mention of *Nancy Dawson* in this Epilogue, as well as in the Epilogue to the above play which was really spoken by Mrs. Bulkley, seems, though a trivial coincidence in itself, to favour the conjecture. S. J.

FINIS.



C. WHITTINGHAM, Printer, Dean Street.

BOOKS

PRINTED FOR

H. D. SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

BARR's New and Beautiful Edition of BUFFON's
NATURAL HISTORY, Complete.

This Day is published, No. I. (elegantly printed in Octavo,
on superfine Paper, and embellished with a complete Set
of beautiful Copper-plates) Price 1s. [to be regularly con-
tinued every Week] of

BUFFON's NATURAL HISTORY,

CONTAINING

A Theory of the Earth, a General History of Man, of the
Brute Creation, and of Vegetables, Minerals, &c.

Translated from the French, and interspersed with Notes.

By J. S. BARR, Esq.

To which is added, by way of a complete Supplement,
A NATURAL HISTORY of BIRDS, REPTILES, FISH,
and INSECTS.

The whole of this valuable Work, forming, beyond com-
parison, the most complete and elegant NATURAL HISTORY
in the English, or any other Language, beautifully printed,
and making Fifteen Volumes, which contain near 5000
Pages of beautiful Letter-press, besides the elegant and
numerous Set of original Copper-plates, taken from Life;
being just printed off, in the best Manner, in 94 Numbers,
Price 1s. each, may be had, at the Option of the Purchasers,
by one or more at a Time, or in Fifteen Volumes.

In Boards £.5 1 6

Bound in Sheep, and lettered 6 4 0

Ditto, Calf, and lettered 6 11 6

Elegantly bound in Calf, gilt and lettered 6 19 0

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Advantages arising from the entertaining Study of
NATURAL HISTORY are too generally felt and acknowledged
to need Enlargement in favour of a Work calculated to as-
sist that enlightening Pursuit; it may therefore be sufficient
to remark, that the general Outline of the present Design
is to give a correct Description and Theory of the Earth,

BOOKS PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS.

the History of Man, and of the Brute Creation, of Vegetables, Minerals, and of the various Birds, Fish, Reptiles, and Insects, which adorn animated Nature ; together with a clear and succinct Account of their Habits, Customs, and Qualities, on the Authorities of

Buffon,	Spallangan,	Gowan,
Geoffry,	Rheumur,	Monro,
Johnson,	Willoughby,	Hunter,
Malpighi,	Ray,	Lettsom,
Marald,	Derham,	Edwards,
Lewenhock,	De la Pluche,	Pennant, and
Swammerdam,		

other eminent Naturalists : the Transactions of the various Philosophical Societies in Europe ; and the most respectable Travellers and Voyagers. Every Attention has been paid to render this Work as complete and correct as possible, which the Translator and Editor have more particularly undertaken, at the Desire of many of the Nobility and Gentry of this Kingdom, as no complete History of the Kind has hitherto been published.

N. B. To prevent Mistakes, and the Obtrusion of former and inferior Works on the Subject, the Public are requested to ask for, or order, BARR's New and Beautiful Edition of BUFFON's NATURAL HISTORY, which is executed in a Degree of very superior Excellence.

MARY DE CLIFFORD, a Story, interspersed with many Poems, and embellished with two elegant Engravings. Second Edition. Price 3s. 6d. in boards.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF J. J. ROUSSEAU to M. DE MALSHERBES, M. D'ALEMBERT, Mad. LA M. DE LUXEMBOURG, &c. &c. with a Fac-Simile of Rousseau's Hand-Writing, and an Original Military Air of his Composition. Also, ORIGINAL LETTERS OF BUTTA FUOGO and DAVID HUME. Translated from the French. 4s. 6d. boards.

LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN and an ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. Translated from the French of J. J. ROUSSEAU. Elegantly printed. Price 3s. 6d. in boards.

Goldsmith, Oliver,

The poetical works, complete, of Oliver Goldsmith with some account of his life and literature, to which are prefixed, several poetical tributes to his memory, by contemporary writers

London 1804

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.o.50-a
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11715176-1